

**UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA
Alexandria Division**

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

v.

**SAAD JALAL,
Defendant.**

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Docket No.: 1:20CR00261-001

DEFENDANT'S EXHIBIT 2

Letter from Saad Jalal

I'd like to preface this by saying the purpose of this statement is to provide a more complete picture of who I am. I'd like to touch upon various aspects of what happened that particular night and express the depths of my regret over the death of Alexandra Maller.

First off, I would like to begin with the overall picture of that era in my life. At that time, I was close to finishing up my final year of medical school. I did not realize the sheer level of emotional, mental, and physical toll medical school would have on me. I have never been afraid of challenges and hard work. However, hundreds of nights on 2-3 hours of fitful sleep can wither the most robust of minds.

When I began my rotations, I did not foresee how drastic of an impact the lack of my community would have on my psyche. Spending a small amount of time in multiple cities where you have to build relationships from scratch is a daunting task. We all only have 24 hours in a day and a finite amount of energy to expend. I have never been financially wealthy but I've never felt poor because of the richness of the connections I've been so blessed to experience. That changed during rotations.

For the first time I felt truly alone. The rigorous nature of the tasks at hand chipped away at my soul but over time I slowly learned the art of creating new bonds. It was this that eventually led me to meet Alex and her roommates. They were kind enough to invite me into their home after we had conversed a couple of times. The coherence and dynamic within their group were comforting and reminded me of a community. Within a short period of time, I genuinely felt like I had friends I could consistently see for a while. It's hard to describe because I'd felt so deprived of social interaction for such a long time.

The sequence of events that occurred on that particular night and prior to has already been well documented but I wanted to highlight the emotional impact. When I was doing CPR on Alex, I felt an amount of dread that is impossible to quantify. I still had a strong belief, however, that she would turn out to be okay. After she was taken away that belief started to dwindle and hopelessness seeped in. I will never forget the shock my body experienced when we found out she'd passed away. I was flooded with thoughts about her, her parents, her family and her friends and how they would cope with such a tragedy.

I was no stranger to seeing death; it happens often in hospitals. I had no idea what the aftermath of this particular incident would have on me but I can confidently say it completely ruined me. When I began medical school, I took the Hippocratic Oath to do no harm. It meant everything to me. Yet my actions may have contributed to just that—harm. I blamed myself entirely. I became severely depressed and started having daily flashbacks with severe nightmares.

Of course, one can never truly heal from such a tragedy, not a day goes by that I do not think about Alex and her family. All the holidays she missed, her dad unable to walk her down the aisle, her mom unable to see her graduate, her friends unable to wish her happy birthday. I just want to express my sincerest apology. I know absolutely nothing can ever undo what occurred but I want to make it clear that I think about them all, every single day. I never try to push the memory away or run away from the pain my actions led to but instead use it as a reminder to do as much good as I possibly can with the rest of the time that I have left.

I've lost a lot—my career, my future, sometimes even a sense of my own self-worth, but nothing I've lost will ever compare to the loss Alex's family and friends have suffered. I'll never be able to apologize enough, never be able to express my remorse enough—but I am truly, truly sorry.